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No. 1.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

BY ONE MADE.

When summer comes, dear heart, poor heart! Now white, will bloom like roses red. These hands, like as weeps, white and weak, Will be like lilies, when the sun doth break. This said we little thinking how God wills that we our love should know.

The summer came, and roses bright Bloomed over every vale and hill. But the lilies, like the roses red and white, Lay in a dry cold and still. Thus ever, God is one knows best, And to the weary heart gives rest.

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia, July 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,  
AUTHOR OF "FLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 31, Vol. 50. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VIII.

SERGEANT KERR'S TRUST.

Captain Conrad might well have placed confidence in the resisting powers of Sergeant Kerr, not only to female wiles, but even to his own writing when opposed to his spoken order.

He sat on the stoop leaning in front of his inn, his musket leaning like a twin brother against his shoulder, and slowly deciphered the written document which had just been presented by the young lady before him.

"Margaret Lawson, is that you?" he asked, looking querulously up.

"Yes sir," she replied, demurely.

"Looks like Captain Conrad's writing," he grumbled, as he read the name at the bottom. "Ain't sure of that though. Too many tricks about nowadays."

"But, Mr. Kerr—" she began.

"Sergeant Kerr," he interrupted with a sharp accent. "I ain't got no Master to my name."

"I have told you," she replied, "how Captain Conrad came to give this order. I am a friend of the prisoner, and he willingly gave me permission to see him. He said I had but to present that order to Sergeant Kerr."

"The Captain ought to have staid here," said the Sergeant sourly. "He told me to come on and present my order to death, and I'd like to know how I am going to do it if he takes the business out of my hands this way."

"But I do not see that any harm can be done by me seeing Mr. Brooks for a few minutes."

"I don't know, I don't know," he replied, with a sage shake of the head. "I am certain of nothing that women meddle with. However, I don't care much if you see him so as I go in with you. Don't think you can carry him away in your sleeves."

"No, no, Sergeant," she archly replied. "We must have private business with your prisoner, and he willingly gave me permission to see him. He said I had but to present that order to Sergeant Kerr."

"The Captain ought to have staid here," said the Sergeant sourly. "He told me to come on and present my order to death, and I'd like to know how I am going to do it if he takes the business out of my hands this way."

"Alone," he muttered, as he slowly deciphered. "Don't like the looks of that. It ain't the thing. You've been throwing down in Captain Conrad's eyes, young woman. Can't see him."

"Now, you're not going to do me this small favor. You can have your guard outside the door if you wish. You don't really think that I am able to carry him off before all your eyes?"

"It is just such creatures as you who have the ruination of men since the days of old Adam," he said. "I've given my orders to your woman. I'm going to keep them. You've fooled the Captain with your coaxing ways, I 'spect, but you ain't going into that room."

"Then I am," she said, petulantly. "When Captain Conrad took leave of me and my woman, he gave me the order now in your hands. You will refuse to obey it at your peril."

Something like amusement came into the old fellow's face as he listened to her sharp words.

"So you're looking at it that way?" he said.

"Do you deny me the privilege which your jailor has granted me?" the asked, drawing up her form with offended dignity.

"I won't go in with her, in that's flat," he sharply replied.

"You are a crabbed, sour old jailor," she said, wringing her shoulders spitefully. "With all that Mr. Brooks does anyway, that he should be arrested? What are you keeping him for?"

"I only know that he is a spy," he replied. "I only know what spies are caught and kept for."

"For what?" she hastily asked.

"To stretch hem," his coarse answer was.

She turned away that he might not see the sudden pallor of her face.

"You are as cold and cruel as iron

Sergeant Kerr," she said. "You have invented me and disdained my Captain. Perhaps you think I will get upon my knees and beg of you, but I do not intend to do anything of the kind. I am going to see you, and when you will say to me, 'What's more, so long as you think that I am here to carry him off with me, I will take you at your word.' Allen Brooks is my friend; if he were ten times a spy, he shall not remain in your prison, nor stretch your hemps, as you elegantly express it."

Her bold indignant eloquence had very little effect upon the rugged nature of the Sergeant.

"So that's how you take it," he gruffly said. "Go ahead then, get him out if you can."

"I will," she answered, turning a gaily away, and walking with a quick step down the road.

The old fellow leaned upon his musket and looked after her, a smile of amusement creeping over his wrinkled face.

"Just as spiteful as a hornet," he muttered, "and would sting like a wasp if she had the chance. Well, a woman is bound to have the last word."

He got up and stood carelessly at the entrance. It was evident that her threat did not greatly disturb his mind.

"I've seen women before," he continued. "She'll go home and cry, then she'll wipe her eyes; and that will be the last of it, except, maybe, a blow to the Captain, which I don't think will hit me much."

But she didn't cry and she didn't go home. There was more of the true grit in the young woman than he gave her credit for.

Her rapid retreat had quite another purpose.

It was really a pursuit of a form she had just seen fleeing away from the house towards a spring house at the rear.

Madge had recognized Letty Snyder, the daughter of the old inn-keeper, and had on the instant descended giving Sergeant Kerr a touch of her quality, with this young lady's assistance. She was well acquainted with Letty, and conversed freely with her assistance in any scheme which might devise.

A full hour elapsed before the two girls returned to the house.

"It's about supper time, and the poor dev'l up stairs must be getting a bit hungry," he said. "It will be pitch dark in ten minutes, and you've got no business out gadding."

"All right, daddy," said the rosy daughter, with a merry laugh. "I guess you're going to be quite good to us."

"You know me then?"

"Know you? Do you think you can't get me out of your从?"

His voice was full of deep feeling, and in his eyes was a look such as he had never seen there before.

She hastily withdrew her hand.

"We have not a minute to lose," she cried in low quick utterance.

"She's been waiting for me then?"

"I'll be with you in a moment," he said, with a moment's pause.

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The latter, with a slight sense of shame, was about to speak with a baste that was somewhat increased by the angry young lady's running commentary.

"The closest now, Sergeant. Don't tear my dresses, they are all I've got. Maybe you will find the fellow made of one of them. Yes, under that table. The cover comes to the floor, you see. Look under the cover, the sofa, that's a favorite place for men to hide. Not there? Where can he be then? There is a pull box on the mantel. Did you look in that? And there's my husband, Sergeant. Just slip off the lid and look in. There is nothing there to hurt you."

"Oh, hold your tongue, Letty, and her father, as the Sergeant said, with a few words of the same, was evidently growing milder.

"I reckon it's my room, daddy, I'm going to do the honors to my visitor. You didn't look in the bed, Mr. Kerr. Maybe you'll find him there. I just get up myself, but that's nothing. You'd be look."

The Sergeant made a movement as if he meant to take her at her word. But he was evidently embarrassed with the close attentions of his hostess. He hesitated a moment.

"Oh, come, Mr. Kerr," she said, with a keen look in her eyes, "you are not going to draw back now. It's quite like you to be the chap that does."

"The girl of course wants a brode on her tongue, Snyder," he answered, as he turned angrily away.

"Maybe you'd like to put it there, Mr. Kerr?" she cried, bouncing up, and standing before him in angry beauty.

"No, said he, retreating from her flashing eyes. "I'd sooner brode a young colt. Come, Snyder, the man is you here."

"Here's luck for you," she rejoined, picking up her shoe which lay on the floor and flinging it after her discomfited visitor with so true aim as to hit him on the shins. "An old shoe brings luck to you."

"Old man's luck was to take the slipper to you, it might bring you luck," was the parting benediction of the Sergeant.

Letty stood at the open door for several minutes, watching them as they went from room to room, her eyes sparkling with a different light from that which had just filled them, her cheeks double red.

When they had finished their unsuccessful search on the second floor, and gone down to the ground floor, did she re-enter the room, slamming the door loudly after her, and turning the key in the lock.

The next movement was rather an odd one. It was to lift the feather bed which served her as a coverlet in those cold winter nights, and look eagerly beneath it.

"Are you most smothered?" she asked.

"Nearly," came a stifled voice from below.

"They are out of hearing now, you can get out. I don't think Mr. Kerr will come back after the house warming I gave him."

The form of Allen Brooks slowly emerged from his smothering hiding place.

"What ailed you to ask him to examine the bed?" he asked. "You sent a shiver through me when you had poured ice water down my back."

"Do you think I would have let him insult me by doing it?" she hotly asserted. "If he had laid a hand on the bed, he would have had a specimen of Letty Snyder's kick down stare head."

Allen Brooks looked admiringly at the athletic form of the young lady and decided that she was indulging in no idle boasts.

"You are to stay here till things are quiet below," she said. "I played off my bare foot on him nicely," she continued, laughing, as she proceeded to put on her coat. "In an hour or two you can safely slip out the window. The search is just below. You must drop to the ground like a ghost, and make off like a fox."

"But Madge!" he asked anxiously, "What have they done with her?"

"She is to sleep with me to-night," answered Letty. "There she is now, as a light comes on the door."

"The search is just below. You must drop to the ground like a ghost, and make off like a fox."

It was with no cold chlop that Allen took the hand of the lady who now entered. Nor was the light that shone from the eyes that now looked into each other that cool lustre which became so friendly eyes.

But the presence of Letty Snyder forbade more than a cool look. She was no young lady to play games hidden to a score of law-breaking. Her suppressed laugh, and her low, mocking tones added to the effect of Madge's account of how she had outwitted the valiant Sergeant, and the three whispering friends were as happy as birds for the next hour.

At the end of that time Letty stood down stairs. She soon returned, repeating all quiet as at the night pitch-dark.

The window was slowly raised. He slipped out to the porch. A warm hand-shake, a low good-night to both, then he disappeared in the darkness. A low thud came to their ears as his feet touched the ground. Then all was silence and gloom.

#### CHAPTER X.

Mrs. LAWSON'S MISSION.

We must return to the banks of the Delaware, just guarded by Washington's encamped army.

Much as it had been weakened by the ending of the period of enlistment of the militia, it was strengthened by far more, when, by the 1st of January, on which date the terms of the great majority of the army would expire.

Every effort was made to induce the men to extend their time; but the most of them had left their families, their occupations or their farms almost at a moment's notice, and felt not only a natural desire, but a strong necessity to return and look after their private affairs.

The efforts to strengthen the army by fresh enlistments were little more successful, though Philadelphia and the surrounding country were occupied by energetic recruiting officers.

Admirable as was the fear that the enemy, who must have been in some measure acquainted with the condition of the army, would find means to cross the river and attack them in their disorganized state.

This was the most pressing danger. Though the eastern shores of the river had been swept clear of boats, yet many

boats could be easily procured, and means devised to cross a smooth, and at that point, not very wide river. There was every reason to apprehend that preparations for crossing were being made.

The results of a successful passage of the stream by the British army no one could foretell, but there was every reason to fear the gravest apprehensions.

Exact information as to the present movements of the enemy was earnestly desired by the chief officers of the army, though just how to obtain this knowledge was not easily to be devised. The spies who had heretofore been useful to the Americans had lost their usefulness, now, and were known to the foe, either by the names of the bachelors or the rope.

It was not easy, at a moment's notice, to procure a trustworthy person willing to risk his life in this perilous service. The British were alert, and would give but short shrift to any detected in the close inspection of their lines.

The most urgent of affairs on that present morning in the December when Roger Lawson appeared in the American camp in the vicinity of Washington's headquarters. These were fixed, at present, opposite Trenton, and the troops so disposed as to keep a close watch upon movements across the river.

What Major Lawson was engaged in, in the last chapter of his life, he had not told his wife, nor had he taken this journey with the object of using what influence he could bring to bear in his behalf.

With this purpose he sought out Colonel McLean, with whom he had some acquaintance.

Colonel Lawson was seated in the door of his tent, basking in the pleasant sun-shine, and greeted him cordially as he approached.

"What has brought you so far, Mr. Lawson?" he asked. "Have you come to see us?"

"Hardly," said the old Royalist, with a grin. "I am bound to see you, sir."

"And not too well disposed to see us," said the officer, looking up keenly.

"Men of my age do not change readily," Colonel McLean, was the calm reply.

"This much, at least, you can depend on—I have no intention to operate against you."

"I can well believe," said the officer cordially. "I am seated, Mr. Lawson. Can I have an audience?"

"I hope so," said the farmer, as he took the proffered seat, which was nothing more luxurious than the low stump of a tree.

"I will be happy to oblige you," said the Colonel.

"The object is this, sir," said the dig-nified old man. "Some young men, under command of Captain Conrad, have arrested a young acquaintance of mine on a serious charge. I come here on his behalf to learn the cause of this action."

"A friend of yours, Mr. Lawson?" said the Colonel, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he ask his name?"

"It is Allen Brooks."

"So Conrad seems to have succeeded then?" was the Colonel's answer.

"Did he object to telling you the cause of this man's arrest?"

"He arrested him as a spy, he says—

"A charge which I deem perfectly proper."

"What do you know about Allen Brooks?" asked the Colonel, interrupting.

"That he is a high-minded, generous, noble young man, incapable of a base or underhand action. This charge must be unfounded."

"But about his life? How does he earn his living?"

"That I do not know," said the old man, with some hesitation. "He is a recent acquaintance, and I have asked no questions about his business."

"Does he need questioning? Is he a secret?"

"He does not talk of his affairs. No gentleman does," said Mr. Lawson, with a smile.

"Where does he live?"

"In Germantown, I believe," was the doubtful answer.

"You believe. Then you do not know."

"In fact, Mr. Lawson, you are endeavoring a man about whom you seem to know next to nothing, and who takes the best care of that you shall know no more."

"You have made it soon so by your questions," said the old man, much disturbed. "I have more reason than I have been able to give in these few answers for my faith in Mr. Brooks."

"Proceed then; I will be glad to learn your reasons," said the Colonel, nonchalantly.

"Mr. Lawson hesitated a moment, as if in doubt how to proceed. He then asked, abruptly:

"Why is he arrested? What is the charge against him?"

"That is rather more to the point, my dear sir. You may have been too quick in assuming that we have acted hastily. Allen Brooks—

"I am spy in the pay of the British, and a traitor to his country," he said.

"We have not without warrant."

Colonel McLean looked up somewhat displeased at this interruption.

"What is your warrant, sir?" asked Mr. Lawson, drawing up his form haughtily.

"That we may not feel disposed to make public, especially to one of your enemies."

"There is no occasion for secrecy," said another voice, near by. "If this gentleman is a friend of the accused he should be frank to tell the charges against him. It is known that he has been closely connected with both the British commandants."

"The Devil that gave him a spy?" asked Mr. Lawson, starting.

"He afterwards came into our lines, secretly inspected our appointments, and returned with the information to the British."

"Have you positive proof of this?" asked the old man, with a sinking heart.

"If the Royal commandants know so well your weakness, why do they hesitate?"

"They are waiting, I presume, for the river to freeze over," said Colonel McLean.

"What does this mean? Has Brooks been taken?" said a grave voice near them.

"He is a prisoner," said the Colonel, "if my hasty men have not already hung him."

"I hope there has been no such inhumanity," said Washington, severely.

"I shall permit no such lawlessness to pass unpunished," he said.

"They are waiting, I presume, for the river to freeze over," said Colonel McLean.

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"I hope there has been no such inhumanity," said Washington, severely.

"I shall permit no such lawlessness to pass unpunished," he said.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



HELLIE DENE.

A Fairy Tale for Little Folks.

BY LAWRENCE GRAY.

One evening as Nellie sat in her little garden summer-house, weeping over her poor life, there came a very small and hideously ugly creature in the shape of a man. She started in fear at seeing the smooth object so close to her, without seeing how he approached. His head was immensely large, and his shoulders broad, yet he was not much higher than her waist. He had a long, thin, wrinkled face, sunken in his head, they were ever shifting and restless, twinkling and moving from side to side with involuntary flinches, like the flounces of two tapers exposed to the winds on a dark night. The color of his face was of a glistening greenish-yellow, down, and puffed into many wrinkles, was blessed.

Dennis soon grew rich, and Nellie, as the little old man had promised, was happy and beloved. Every thing they undertook prospered, and Dennis soon became known all over the country as "The Green Stocking Merchant." His wife was a woman of high and low, rich and poor. No one could hear nothing but the wind.

"It is the angels singing," whispered Adam, a smile of infinite beauty on his face. "They sing on the journey, you know. Good-bye, Karl, good-bye."

Karl bent his face, his tears streaming, his heart aching. These parts are too bitter to be told of. This was most essentially a love.

"Where's Rose, Karl?"

She was already by Karl's side. He yielded his place to her, and went down to Ann; and there sobered over the kitchen fire as a woman might have.

"But in the midst of it all, he could say as his brother had done, "Thank God!"

If ever a poor sinful man had need to rejoice that he was removed to that better world, it was Adam Wynne.

"Karl," said a bell called Karl up again.

"That last moment was at hand. Ann Hopyne followed, and they all stood round the bed and saw him die. The red clouds had dispersed, the sun was just showing itself above the verge of the horizon.

other side of the hedge, broke upon her, "Nellie, you was sick."

Nellie went to bed that night, and tried to dream away the care and vexations of her overloaded heart. When she awoke in the morning she was inclined to think her interview with the strange little man was all a dream, until her eyes fell on a hand-knitting, new garment folded on a table nearby.

Her husband returned that day. He was a pleased and happy man. His trip had been profitable beyond his hopes, and as his wife flew to welcome him, he could not forbear turning an eye of pride on the gaudy and opulent new stockings hanging on the opposite wall.

"Dennis," said Karl, "you are a blessed man. Dennis soon grew rich, and Nellie, as the little old man had promised, was happy and beloved. Every thing they undertook prospered, and Dennis soon became known all over the country as "The Green Stocking Merchant." His wife was a woman of high and low, rich and poor. No one could hear nothing but the wind.

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Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 25, Vol. 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

LAID TO REST.

Sir Karl entered the sick chamber, his brother partially raised, but still back with a convulsive groan.

"I am dying, Karl," began the sick man, "but it is time there was an end to this. You don't know what it is to live under an unsheathed sword, as I have, unless you experience it. And few in this world can do that. It was all a mistake together. The shooting of Scott, when I should have horsewhipped him; the escape from Portland; the taking up my abode in a house where these mistakes, Karl, have to be worked out. I have paid for mine with life."

Karl did not answer. He was only nervously pressing the wasted hand in his.

"It is all, I say, for the best. I see it now. It was best that the little lad should go; it is best that I should; it is best that you should. There is no one can know what it is to live under a unsheathed sword, as I have, unless you experience it. And few in this world can do that. It was all a mistake together. The shooting of Scott, when I should have horsewhipped him; the escape from Portland; the taking up my abode in a house where these mistakes, Karl, have to be worked out. I have paid for mine with life."

"Then what will become of me? What shall I do?" cried Nellie, forgetting everything in the fear and shame of meeting her husband.

"How do you do this evening, Nellie Dunmore? Is it not a shame for you to make your pretty eyes so red crying, and your husband coming home to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," repeated Nellie, in fear and trembling.

"Yes, indeed, tomorrow, Mrs. Dunmore," said he again, and his voice was deep and hollow. "To-morrow, yes, you are a fine wife for an indolent poor man!"

"Oh! what will become of me? What shall I do?" cried Nellie, forgetting everything in the fear and shame of meeting her husband.

"I'll tell you what to do," replied the little man, "and if you take my advice, you will be a happy woman yet."

"Oh, tell me, tell me; I'll pray for a blessing on your head night and morning." I'll pray to you."

"I don't know, pray for your blessing," said he, interrupting her, "but I wish to do you a service in your need, and in my power."

"Then what am I to do?" said she.

"I'll soon tell you, Nellie Dunmore," he replied, "and you have not much time to gain in this world."

She bent forward in eager anxiety.

"Listen to me attentively. These are the conditions. You must promise to be mine, and to come with me on this day seven years hence, unless you can tell my name between this and that day; and on every day from this to that, I'll give you seven pairs of stockings."

"Seven pairs of stockings?" she asked, "and you are a poor man?"

"No matter who or what I am. I can do what I say," he answered. "Will you take my offer and be happy? refuse it, and you are miserable."

"Oh, I don't know you," said she, shuddering, as she contemplated the strange being who seemed to be his.

"And I'll make trouble to look at you. Yet my heart is breaking."

"You should have thought of this before," said the spiteful-looking elf, "before you deceived a trusting man. What will he do to his wretched wife, to-morrow?"

"I can never meet him. Oh, I wish the earth would open and devour me," she cried, passionately.

"Then take my offer. I promise you riches, honors, and the smiles and love of your husband if you take it; but poverty, reproach, and shame if you refuse." He urged with vindictive eagerness.

"Won't you tell me who you live as long as that I may know who you are?" and again asked the question she weighed the proposal, and her mind was wavering.

"You know the place well," he answered.

"I live in the little green valley of Mistletoe. Often, I have watched you in the evening sun, when you were but a child, fair daughter of a race of strangers," and his voice quivered as he spoke.

Poor Neil did not know what to do. She shrank in fear from this deformed little being; still she dreaded to meet and brave the anger of a deceived and disappointed husband.

"Fie on such honor," thought she;

"poverty and shame, love and contempt;

seven years was a long time to look forward to—wily dwarf might die, or she herself might die before the time expired; and if it came to the worst at last, it was but boldly breaking the contract and defying him."

A low, sad, fainting laugh started her from her reverie. She looked; his fiery, restless eyes were throwing darting and piercing glances over her face; and a malignant grin twisted itself about the corners of his terrible mouth.

"I now make my offer for the last time," said he. "I cannot waste my favors on the ungrateful. You have had your fate now; you have no more to offer me," she said, looking hesitatingly, but did not reply.

"I cannot remain with you longer," he continued; "farewell, unfortunate wife," and he turned to depart. Impelled by a sudden impulse, she stretched her hands out to him; he receded a little, then stopped, and she said,

"I agree—I agree!" said she. "I will tell you your name, or do you wait at the end of seven years, and do what you promised—make me happy?"

"It is well," he said; "you shall be happy. I am pleased, and thus I put my mark on you;" and stooping down he placed a small stain of the beautiful paint called "false face" on her cheek. His powdery mealy hand went through his hair, so as to separate it from the stem, he threw it in her face. She put up her hand to wipe away the dusty particles, and when she looked up at her again, the mysterious being was not to be seen. A low laugh, half stifled, as from the

other side of the hedge, broke upon her, "Nellie, you was sick."

Nellie went to bed that night, and tried to dream away the care and vexations of her overloaded heart. When she awoke in the morning she was inclined to think her interview with the strange little man was all a dream, until her eyes fell on a hand-knitting, new garment folded on a table nearby.

"I am dying, Karl," said Dennis.

Karl did not go home. At which Miss Blake was in much private wonder.

Discarding the peacock theory, she shrewdly suspected now that he must be at the Maze—taking the opportunity of his wife's absence to play the gay bachelor away from home.

Listed, Karl! there's a sound of sweet music Karl could hear nothing but the wind.

"It is the angels singing," whispered Adam, a smile of infinite beauty on his face.

"They sing on the journey, you know. Good-bye, Karl, good-bye."

Karl bent his face, his tears streaming, his heart aching. These parts are too bitter to be told of. This was most essentially a love.

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"But in the midst of it all, he could say as his brother had done, "Thank God!"

If ever a poor sinful man had need to rejoice that he was removed to that better world, it was Adam Wynne.

With that bitter sighing of the heart known to but few, and which when felt in its greatest intensity is the saddest pang of the soul, the wife went to Ann. Ann Hopyne followed, and they all stood round the bed and saw him die. The red clouds had dispersed, the sun was just showing itself above the verge of the horizon.

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## BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 25, Vol. 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

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his brother partially raised, but still back with a convulsive groan.

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Karl did not answer. He was only nervously pressing the wasted hand in his.

"It is all, I say, for the best. I see it now. It was best that the little lad should go; it is best that I should; it is best that you should. There is no settlement, you know, and—"

"I will take care of her to the best of my power," said Adam, coming in at a run to interrupt his wife.

"She shall have a proper and suitable jointure as the widow of Lady Wynne."

"No, Karl, not that. She and I have talked over the future at odd moments, and we do not wish it. Rose does not mean to acknowledge her marriage with me, and I do not wish it. She is to be my wife, Adam," said Dennis, setting forth all these wishes of hers and mine; it will serve as a direction for you, No."

"Nothing but a dream, Adam. I am with you. Rose is asleep in the arm-chair."

"Ay, I have no dream of them for a moment. She is asleep in the arm-chair."

Karl would have risen to administer some cordial; but Adam was holding his hand in a tight grasp; had shut his eyes, and seemed to be dropping asleep again.

He slept about half an hour, and Karl again, as he had turned to angels. They were here, all about my bed. Oh, Karl, I wish you could see them as I saw them; they might not be there, in battle array, with their banners flying, and their commands, but they might be there, in the shade of the night light and he put his feeble hand.

"What is it?" asked Karl gently.

"I thought they were here, Karl. I saw them in the room," he whispered—and his eyes went round in a circle. They had been his last.

"She had a miasma," said Karl.

"It was all an end now, and he was quite collected.

"I will take care of her to the best of my power," said Adam, setting forth all these wishes of hers and mine; it will serve as a direction for you, No."

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## NEWS NOTES.

LINACY is increasing in France on all proportion to its population.

CALIFORNIA has "put up" 2,500,000 cans of strawberries this year.

At last Congress has mustered sufficient patriotism to vote the completion of the Washington monument.

BARTHOLDI'S statue of "Liberty Lighting the World," for New York harbor, will not be finished until 1878.

MR. BLAINE'S condition is not improving. His physicians recommend a trip to Europe.

DOM PEDRO'S expenses are about \$2,200 per week, but he always smiles when he hands out the ducats.

There is now in London a committee of gentlemen delegated to purchase works by living painters for the museum at Sydney, in connection with the New South Wales Academy of Art.

Miss Jane Bay of Baltimore, who died last week, left nearly \$200,000 to a charitable institution known as the "Jane Bay Home for Boys."

It is reported that native quicksilver has been discovered on the banks of the Mississippi, a few miles below New Orleans.

ITALY has paid such close attention to the development of her military as to spend the last year that she can put 300,000 men in the field at a cost of \$500,000.

For Blaile's successor, besides Gen. James A. Hall, of Damariscotta, are mentioned John L. Stevens, of Augusta; W. L. Stevens, of New Port-land; Stephen D. Lindsey, of Norridgewock, and General R. B. Shepherd of Skowhegan.

Gen. M. C. Butler declines to be a candidate for the nomination of the party for Governor of South Carolina, recommends Gen. Wade Hampton for the position.

The only daily train from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico leaves about midnight, and one entire car is devoted to the escort of fifty soldiers, whose duty is to see the passengers safely through the region of lawlessness and rebellion.

The "Women's Hotel," designed by Mr. A. T. Stewart, for the accommodation of working girls, is rapidly approaching completion, and will probably be opened for occupancy early next spring.

The London Times, commenting on the Eastern rebellion, says: "Prisoners of Service in Mongolia must be allowed to fight it out without the interference of any of the European powers."

KENNEDY, Kellogg and Wood, of the Yale University eight, will probably be three of a crew of four to pull at Saratoga and Philadelphia.

The result of the Prince of Wales' visit to India will be the substitution of the Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian for the Latin and Greek classics at Oxford, for the benefit of Hindoo students and candidates for the Indian civil service.

The machinery of the long-taught-of Keely motor has been for some months in preparation in New York. It was to have been ready for a trial in the middle of June, but it cannot be completed until near the 1st of August.

The substitute consists of rump-steak and potatoes; and the inventor says the addition of a little beer helps matters along. He has tried a lot of things, but this is the only substitute he can recommend.

During the past week nearly one thousand Mexicans passed through New York on their way to Kansas. They came from Southern Russia, and are composed of well-to-do farmers and stock-raisers. They are said to have money, and purpose buying lands in Kansas.

The ratification of the additional convention between the United States and Mexico for the settlement of claims has been proclaimed by the President. The time allowed for the decision of the cases referred to him has been extended until the 30th of November next.

In the Criminal Court in Paris the 18-year-old German named Alphonse Bas, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for selling a quick medicine. The magical drug which was advertised as a specific in afflictions of the nerves and epilepsy, under the name of *ace-sante-neurogyn*, was found to be brandy, with an effusion of tobacco leaves and burnt sugar. The receipts for its sale, however, in the last year amounted to about \$600,000.

It is officially announced that the Turkish government is again compelled to postpone the payment of the interest on its public debt. Measures concerted with the Imperial Ottoman Bank for the collection of revenue for the service of the national debt will be cleared out as soon as circumstances permit.

Twenty years ago, Mrs. Barber, a lady 90 years of age, living near Alexandria, Va., became blind, and her hair silver white. Within the past year her sight has returned, a crop of new black hair has come in, and she has just cut four new teeth.

Thefeat of crossing the English Channel in a canoe had been accomplished by Lieutenant Colville of the Grenadier Guards, who started from Dover at three o'clock in the morning and paddled into the harbor of Calais at half-past nine, doing about thirty miles sailing across the Channel in six hours and a half. He was unannounced by special correspondence of the authorities, but the exploit is regarded as fully as hazardous as the swimming feats of Webb and Boynton.

The mother of Prince Milan has just died at Wurzburg, in Bavaria.

DANIEL DREX says that Vanderbilt is worth nearer \$100,000,000 than \$40,000,000.

The population of Cleveland, Ohio, according to a census just taken, is 164,000.

There is trouble in Athens, and a state of siege has been declared.

MASSACHUSETTS has disbanded her only militia company of negroes.

It is generally understood that a marriage has recently been contracted between his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Frederica, daughter of King George of Hanover.

EARL Derby has shown strongly in favor of maintaining the terms of the Treaty of Paris. To abrogate it at present would be to excite the suspicion that England was preparing for war.

It will cost Boston about \$4,000 to pay the expenses of the detectives who have been looking at Winslow in England.

THE Rev. Newman Hall says that within three years the churches of Great Britain have lost 30,000 members through the vice of intemperance.

ONE HALF the county of Northumberland, England, belongs to twenty-six gentlemen, the duke owning 18,161 acres, and the smallest proprietor 5,000.

THE settee at the mouth of the Mississippi river are proving a success. The large steamers now go through unbroken.

They are experimenting in London with a gun which weighs 81 tons, throws a ball weighing 1,650 pounds, and consumes 300 pounds at each discharge.

ONE of the living curiosities of this Centennial year is a Kentucky child, 5 years old, who is boneless. It is well developed in every particular, and its limbs can be bent in a circular form, or tied in a knot.

JOHN M. FRANCIS, of the Troy Times, who has just got home, finds that a tour round the world with a few excursions of the right part, necessitates a journey of 30,750 statute miles and 94 days on shipsboard.

THE remains of Louis Philippe have been removed from England to France. The royal mausoleum is constructed in the crypt of the church at Dreux, where are other tombs of the family.

THEIR has been a great deal of money lost and won on English races this year. Lord Lumley lost \$18,000 on Petach at the Ascot. A professional book maker cleared \$10,000, and another made \$60,000 in one day.

THE Post office Department has been notified by the authorities of the Pennsylvania, New York, and Hudson River railroads, that the fast mail trains would be discontinued from the 23d instant. The reason for the stoppage is the reduction of the transportation by Congress. Negotiations on the subject will be immediately commenced by the Department.

THE old favorite, Goldsmith Maid, retains the vigor of her youth, and at the ripe age of 70 is still a beauty. The secret of her earlier achievements.

To trot a mile in 2:14 is about as much as any animal ought to be asked to do, but there is no telling when the horse of the future may not accomplish, if trotters go on in this way.

A MILITARY coat made by the late President Johnson while he was working at his trade as a tailor, has been presented to the Historical Society of Tennessee. It is in a good state of preservation, and is a fine example of the skill and workmanship. After Mr. Johnson became Governor of Tennessee he commissioned as a circuit judge the customer for whom the coat was made.

THEIR are 72 papers at Constantinople, 16 of which are printed in Turkish, 1 in Arabic, 1 in Persian, 20 in French, 1 in German, 1 in English, 12 in Spanish, 1 in Armenian, 4 in Bulgarian, 2 in Italian and 1 in Italian. There are 19 official journals in the provinces, and as many official calendars or almanacs.

ONE small round jewel case on exhibition at the Centennial contains 100 carats of diamonds. A string of pearls is valued at \$60,000 in gold. A solitaire diamond is valued at \$10,000. One yellow diamond is valued at \$8,000. A feather for the hair has diamonds in it valued at \$15,000. There are all in the American department.

MISSES THE great agricultural and stock raising State, is now attracting a larger emigration than at any time since the war. The herds are larger, the advances and conveniences to the greatest markets are not longer overlooked by those coming West.

BALTIMORE has the largest ice house in the world. The roof covers an area of 18,000 square feet. The walls are double, and filled with moss and sawdust. There are nine massive ice chambers, each of 30,000 cubic feet capacity. There are galleries for storing ice in hot weather, capable of holding 2,000 quarters. A million tons of ice have been stored in the building at one time.

THE wheat crop of California for the current year proves to be the greatest ever produced in that phenomenal State, amounting to one million tons, three-quarters of which is available for export. There is much of the problematical in harboring opinions on what prices are likely to be obtained. Wheat is now 25 cents a bushel, and the highest price ever paid in the State is \$1.50 per hundred pounds.

THE highest limit wheat has ever attained there was in 1865, when the centav reached \$5.12.

In all evils which admit of a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints that, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

## "DI MERO" ON "W. P. ARISOCRAT."

"W. P." stands for West Point.

West Point is generally called the school of valiant aristocracy.

I was nursed there, but I'm not an aristocrat.

The average West Point cadet is no more of a high-born aristocrat, than an unweaned mud-turtle.

I will vote it.

Immediately after the close of the war, I was traveling through the backwoods of Florida, when the Indians rained little hatchet-faced, tow-headed children simply as a matter of speculation.

For some time the novelty of the surroundings charmed me and I felt like commanding with the muses.

Then I became hungry and felt like eating the mousies off for a boiled ham.

I was about to interview anything that was in the habit of hanging around a kitchen.

Approaching a small, freshly broken field, I descended near the fence I ever heard.

He was so short that if he suddenly became ill, he wouldn't know whether he had headache or his corns hurt him.

His complexion was the color of ice-cream just exhibiting the first symptoms of small-pox; his eyes green and his hair no color whatever. He was a nose a foot long, a mouth a foot wide, and when he smiled, which he did as soon as he saw me, his mouth opened like a bank-rupt clam. He was attired in a single garment—name unmentionable—a sort of coat-and-trowsers, with an old Roman toga and a nightcap.

He didn't wear pantaloons, probably, because if he had, he was so short that he would have been compelled to sit down to get his hands in his pockets; and a boy who cannot wear his hands in his pockets would be as much out of place in America as a one-legged horse out of a stable.

I sympathized with him, and wanted to say something.

I did say something.

I asked him the time of day. He raised his eyes, dropped his lower lip, looked at me, then at his mate, drew a long, mournful, wailing chorus.

Finally, I felt that something dragged over my nose, and raising my hand, for it was a hand, I grasped what I thought was the drapery of a ghost, but which proved to be the skirt of Sank's "toga," as he crawled over me on route for the "gourd" of water.

Next morning I left with a "good-bye" from the old woman, a grunt from the old man; a nod from Jim; a cordial grasp of the hand from Sank, and a sweet smile from Sank.

Four years later I entered West Point, through the first gates, and saw there was Sank, looking mighty, and had seen him four years before in the pine woods Florida, except that the "toga" had been exchanged for a cadet suit of gray.

Sank was an officer. He was an aristocrat.

I used to drill the "plebes," myself among the number, and though he entered the school in the capacity of a recruit, he soon became a member of the faculty.

I repeated my question. Then he repeated my answer.

"Well, I hope I'll never see the back of my neck again."

Then gathering up the folds of his long garment, he added:

"Does you 'spose I'm gwine to carry watch 'round in these here regiments?"

"Well, there's a chance for me to enjoy the hospitality of your house for the night."

"I'll be gwine to what?"

"Can I find shelter with you for my self and I?"

"Shelter? What do you want of shelter?"

"Well, can I stay all night?"

"Well, can I stay any?"

Gospel pedigree.

"No."

"Mail rider likely?"

"No."

"Drummer?"

"No."

"Must be one of these here consurum takers, then?"

"Well, what in the nation air ye?"

"I'm a plain civilian, sir."

"Well, I'll be doxwhozed! Now you doin' look like one of them kind. But ye doin' not tell what's gwine to happen to these days, I'm gwine to know, though, as I'se a kinde' ramshank."

"What jail'd y' break out o'?"

"I'se a gourd o' water, dad!"

"Well, there's a chance for me to enjoy the hospitality of your house for the night."

"I'se a gourd o' water, dad!"

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BENNETT & FITCH  
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, July 29, 1876.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGERS.  
Each number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST  
is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to  
freely reprint any part or all of the same, pro  
vided that due credit be given to the paper.

AN UNUSUAL OFFER.

Special attention is called to the offer  
of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, for the solu  
tion of a puzzle on the last page of this  
paper. The offer is for the benefit of  
subscribers only. Of course we shall be  
glad to have as many compete as possi  
ble, and therefore give ample time to all  
to sharpen their wits, attack the diffi  
culty, and carry away the prize if possi  
ble. In due time the right answer will  
be published, when all can see how sim  
ple and difficult it is.

NEW FEATURE EXPLANATION

In pursuance of a determination to  
improve the SATURDAY EVENING POST  
by such changes and additions as seem  
desirable to make it a complete family  
paper, which shall be interesting to all  
the household, we commence in the pres  
ent number a summary of home and  
foreign news of general interest.

This it is believed will be appreciated  
and valued, especially by the large num  
ber of our subscribers who take no other  
paper. It will be compiled with especial  
care, so as to furnish in condensed form  
the leading features of the history of the  
world for the preceding week.

Heretofore, the paper has been sent to  
press a long time in advance of its date  
of publication, so that it was imprac  
tical to give items of fresh interest, and  
if topics of the day were discussed they  
would be old and stale before reaching  
the reader. It seemed too much like pub  
lishing a last year's almanac. To rem  
edy this, and bring the date of going to  
press and the date of the paper nearer  
together, we have delayed one or two in  
most, but, hereafter, our subscribers may  
expect to receive their numbers prompt  
ly every week.

We are glad to know by the number  
of postal cards inquiring why the paper  
was not received as usual, that it is val  
ued, and that a missing number is not  
overlooked. We also thankfully ac  
knowledge the numerous kind words  
from all parts of the country in appre  
ciation of improvements which have  
been observed by our readers.

WHO MAY CLAIM OFFICE?

Some writers answer "no man." They  
declare that since the proper source of  
authority is in the people, and they  
only have rightful power to delegate it,  
and to bestow the advantages and em  
oluments which possession of office  
entitles, that whatever may be the fitness  
of a man to rule, whether by national  
ability or superiority acquired by long  
service, he has and can have no just  
claim for that or any other reason to the  
possession of office.

This is plausible, but is a very incom  
plete statement and leads to most erro  
neous conclusions. Office is indeed the  
property of the people, who may bestow  
it on whom they will, irrespective of the  
wishes of any individual; but it is also  
true that it is their bounden duty to  
place in office such men as can and will  
best administer the trust for the benefit  
of the community. Hence, the best man  
for the place has a very strong claim to  
office, founded on the right of the people  
to the best government. He may rightfully  
claim it, not because of advantages  
which it will bring to himself, but  
because of the benefits which his ad  
ministration will bestow upon the  
people.

In the principle stated alone, lies the  
strength of the rule demanded in civil  
service reform, that removals from office  
shall be only for inefficient performance  
of the duties of the office.

A cry has been raised that if men are  
to hold office during good behavior, it  
will in a large number of cases amount

to holding it for life, and we shall have  
a privileged aristocracy of office hold  
ers.

Could a stronger argument be advanced  
for this proposed reform? It says virtu  
ally, if men know that good service  
would secure continuance of position  
they would so faithfully perform their  
work that there would be no need of  
change.

Such an aristocracy—an aristocracy of  
merit—might be ruinous to the hopes of  
thousands who see place regardless of  
their fitness to hold it; but to all other  
classes it would be a permanent blessing.  
Besides the care which public interests  
would receive, being made identical with  
the interests of the officeholder, we  
should have a conservative moral force in  
the community which would be a constant  
check to falsehoods, and largely in  
fluence the tone of public morals.

The vicious practice which has so long  
prevailed, of making office a reward for  
particular services, is prolific of evil. It  
fosters dangerous party spirit, embitters  
political strife, gives immunity to crime  
in high places, and makes public inter  
ests subservient to private enrichment.

Our republican institutions have had  
no greater strain than that resulting  
from this cause, and the fact that the  
government is to day fully adequate to  
its functions, notwithstanding the fear  
of abuses which have prevailed, is the  
strongest testimony to the vitality of  
our constitutional forms. But the  
brightest growths may be overcome and  
destroyed by parasites. The noble ves  
sel which has withstood the rudest  
shocks of the ocean may sink under the  
attacks of the inidious borer.

There was never a more opportune  
time than the present for the inaugura  
tion of civil service reform. No great  
party has as yet directed public attention.  
Party spirit, save in the direction of  
earnest strife between the "ins" and the  
"outs," is almost unprecedentedly quiet.

The independent voter is now so

large an element in politics that both the  
great parties acknowledge their depend  
ence upon him.

It will not be enough to promise that  
corrupt men shall be displaced, and  
abuses corrected; there ought to be the  
assurance that good men shall be kept  
in place to prevent the recurrence of  
abuse; that there shall not be present  
the continual temptation to the office  
holder to "make hay while the sun  
shines," and to the officeholder to pay  
well for a place which will reward him  
tenfold, if his candidate is successful.

The man for the times is he who will  
successfully inaugurate and carry out  
the radical reform.

15 PATRIOTISM A SHAM?

There is, we regret to say, a tendency  
on the part of wise men and women  
throughout our country to inculcate  
in the minds of the rising generation  
the impression that the fire of patriotism,  
which has burned about our altars for  
more than a century, is dead. We con  
demn this doctrine, not alone for its  
futility, but on account of the incalcula  
ble evil which may result from it.

The young to forget that they have  
a country, to forget that they should feel  
the glow of patriotism, and they forget  
that they have honor; they forget that  
there is such a thing as truth; they for  
get that men love principle; that women  
cherish virtue.

Man is, without doubt, the mysterious  
link in being's endless chain. In him  
alone, as far as we know, are united  
mortal and immortal aspirations. In  
him alone is found far-reaching intellect  
cradled in the bosom of a broken urn.  
At one moment, we stand and wonder at  
the magnitude of his conceptions and  
the daring of their execution; while in  
the very next, he astonishes us by the  
fury of his weakness, his follies and crimi  
nal blunders. There are lofty emotions in  
his soul, notwithstanding his frail  
frame; a noble creature is an honest  
and good warrior; while the  
fidelity of each detail, the bold  
ness of outline and color, added to the  
size of canvas and the tragedy of the  
subject, make this a remarkable paint  
ing.

All readers of the Old Testament will  
find in it a store of stories. The seven victims of  
atone for a parent's crimes, are hung  
side by side.

Michal's five sons are represented

in full grown vigorous men, while the  
two sons of Rizpah's own are in the first

deck of the Ark.

Thus the artist has used a  
method of painting by ropes attached  
to the arms, instead of around the  
neck, takes away much of the other  
wise terrible detail.

The face of this woful mother, is of a  
great, passionate beauty, which no  
one can forget.

Her dark, dark eyes, set in her  
bony, wrinkled face, are the  
most terrible features of the picture.

Her hair is a mass of  
tangled, matted locks, and it  
is a picture of despair.

Her hands are clasped  
around the neck of her son, and  
she holds him close to her.

Her face is a picture of  
sorrow, and her hands are  
clasped around the neck of her son.

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July 29, 1878.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

5

## NEWS NOTES.

LUNACY increasing in France out of all proportion to its population.

CALIFORNIA has "put up" 2,500,000 cans of strawberries this year.

AT last Congress has mustered sufficient patriotism to vote the completion of the Washington monument.

BARTHOLDI'S statue of "Liberty Lighting the World," for New York harbor, will not be finished until 1878.

MR. BLAINE'S condition is not improving. His physicians recommend a trip to Europe.

DOM. PEDRO'S expenses are about \$200 per week, but he always smiles when he holds out the ducats.

THERE is now in London a committee of gentlemen delegated to purchase works by living painters for the museum at Sydney, in connection with the New South Wales Academy of Art.

Mrs. Jane Bay, of Baltimore, who died last week, left nearly \$100,000 to a charitable institution known as the "Jane Bay Home for Boys."

IT is reported that native quicksilver has been discovered on the banks of the Mississippi, a few miles below New Orleans.

ITALY has paid such close attention to the development of her military resources of late years, that she can put 300,000 men in the field in two weeks.

By a recent decree the Japanese government has adopted the Christian Sabbath as a day for closing all public offices.

THERE is a report in Washington that the Hon. John Morrisey contemplates starting a Democratic newspaper in that city on a capital of \$500,000.

For Blaine's successor, besides Gen. James A. Hall, of Damariscotta, are mentioned John L. Stevens, of Augusta; W. L. Stevens, of New Portland; Stephen D. Lindsey, of Norridgewock, and General R. B. Shepherd of Worcester.

Gen. M. C. Butler declines to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of South Carolina, and recommends Gen. Wade Hampton for the position.

THE only daily train from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico leaves about mid-night and one engine car is devoted to the escort of fifty soldiers, whose duty it is to see the passengers safely through the region of lawlessness and rebellion.

The "Women's Hotel," designed by Mr. A. T. Stewart, for the accommodation of working girls, is rapidly approaching completion, and will probably be opened for occupancy early next spring.

The London *Times*, commenting on the Eastern troubles, says the Prince of Servia and Montenegro must be allowed to fight it out without the interference of any of the European powers.

KENNEDY, Kellogg and Wood, of the Yale University eight, will probably be three of a crew of four to put at Harvard and Philadelphia.

One result of the Prince of Wales visit to India will be the substitution of the Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian at Oxford, for the benefit of Hindoo students and candidates for the Indian civil service.

The machinery of the long-tailed Keely motor has been for some months in preparation in New York. It was to have been ready for a run on the 1st of July, but will be completed until near the 1st of August. Similar machinery has been constructed in Philadelphia, and both engines are announced to be tested within a few weeks. Both are of steel.

A man has just discovered a substitute for bread. As bread is a thing of the most world-wide consumption, he expects to make his fortune immediately. The substitute consists of rump-steak and potatoes; and the inventor says the addition of a little salt, pepper, onions, and bacon.

He has tried a lot of things, he says, but this is the only substitute he can recommend.

During the past week nearly one thousand Mennonties passed through New York on their way to Kansas. They came from Southern Russia, and are composed of well-to-do farmers and stock-raisers. They are said to have money, and purpose buying lands in Kansas.

The ratification of the additional convention between the United States and Mexico for the settlement of claims has been proclaimed by the President. The time allowed the umpire, Sir Edward Thornton, for the decision of the case referred to him, has been extended until the 30th of November next.

In the Criminal Court in Paris the other day, a German named Alphonse Baer, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for selling a quick medicine. The magical drug which was advertised as a specific in all diseases, he sold for a trifling sum, and the inventor of the nostrum, under the name of an anti-scorbutic, was found to be brandy, with an effusion of tobacco leaves and burnt sugar. The receipts from its sale, however, in the last year amounted to over \$300,000.

It is officially announced that the Turkish government is again compelled to postpone the payment of the interest on its public debt. Measures have been taken with the Imperial Ottoman Bank for the defrayment of the interest for the service of the national debt will be cleared out as soon as circumstances permit.

Twenty years ago, Mrs. Barber, a lady 90 years of age, living near Alexandria, Va., became blind, and her hair silver white. Within the past year her sight has returned, a crop of new black hair has come in, and she has just out four new teeth.

Thefeat of crossing the English Channel in a canoe has been accomplished by Lieutenant Colville of the Grenadier Guards, who started from Dover at three o'clock in the morning and paddled across the harbor of Calais and half past nine, across the English Channel, in a canoe, in four hours and a half. He was unaccompanied by special correspondents and unattended by any admiring crowd of spectators, but the exploit is regarded as fully as hazardous as the swimming feats of Webb and Hoyton.

The mother of Prince Milan has just died at Wurzburg, in Bavaria.

DANIEL DREW says that Vanderbilt is worth nearer \$100,000,000 than \$40,000,000.

THE population of Cleveland, Ohio, according to a census just taken, is 164,000.

THERE is trouble in Athens, and a state of siege has been declared.

YALE had 130 applications for admission at the commencement examinations—thirty-three less than last year.

MASSACHUSETTS has disbanded her only militia company of the Light Guards, which is generally understood to be a hatched-faced, hooded children simply as a matter of speculation.

For some time the novelty of the surroundings charmed me and I felt like communing with the muses.

They became hungry and felt like eating the muses off for a boiled meal.

I wanted to interview anything that was in the habit of hanging around a kitchen.

Approaching a small, freshly broken field, I descended near the fence a boy, ploughing.

He was the smallest boy I ever saw, attached to the largest voice I ever heard.

He was so short that if he suddenly became ill, he wouldn't know whether he had headache or his corns hurt him.

His complexion was the color of ice-cream just exhibiting the first symptoms of small-pox; his eyes green and his hair black; his nose straight, but his mouth devoured—judging from the way in which it turned heavenward; and when he smiled, which he did as soon as he saw me, his mouth opened like a bank-rupt clam.

He was attired in a most remarkable costume—indeed, a sort of combination of an old Roman toga and a night shirt.

He didn't wear pantaloons, probably, because if he had, he was so short that he would have been compelled to sit down to get his hands in his pockets; and a boy who cannot wear his hands in his pockets, must be as much as of poor American as a one-legged hornet.

I sympathized with him, and wanted to say something.

I asked him the time of day. He raised his eyes, dropped his lower lip, drew a long breath and said—nothing.

I repeated my question. Then he gave utterance to this expression:

"Darn! I'll never get the 'gord' out of me!"

Then, gathering up the folds of his long garment, he added:

"Doesn't you 'spose I'm gwine to catch a 'watch' round in these here regiments?"

"Well, is there a chance for me to enjoy the hospitalities of your house for the night?"

"Shister! What do you want o' shelter?"

"Well, can I stay all night?"

"What be you, anyhow?" Gospel pedigree.

"No."

"Mail rider likely?"

"No."

"Drummer?"

"No."

"Must be one o' these here censuses taking them?"

"Well, what is what in the 'natch?"

"I'm a plain civilian, sir."

He seemed surprised and answered:

"Well, I'll 's'ee be dodwhorized! Now you don't look like one o' them kind."

"You can't tell what's going to happen to these days. I don't see much, as 'twere, as kinder ranta-kersus-linging like."

"What ja'd l'v break out o'?"

I explained that I was not a villain, but a bumble traveller.

"Now, I doan know whether ye kin' stay all night or not. Things a kinder ranta-kersus-linging like."

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He continued. "You jes' l'p up to the bare and light, and hitch your hose onto that 'ere sapin, and trot right into the shanty, becaus I'm 'gvine after the coons."

I followed instructions, and, dismounting, entered the cabin. A tall, slender, threshold, a young girl arose from a squatting posture before the open fire-place, and, throwing up her hands with a gesture of surprise, exclaimed:

"Lorres! If here ain't her human as 'twere, what is what in the 'natch?"

"I'm a plain civilian, sir."

This young girl, who was the old woman's daughter, was the most beautiful girl I ever saw. Her hair was black, and she had a fine complexion, and her eyes were large and dark. She was dressed in a simple, but neat, white dress, and her figure was slender and graceful.

"Now, stranger, what is what in the 'natch?"

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## AUNT FOLLY'S ADVICE.

If things go wrong in the household  
(As they often will, you know.)  
Or you are worried about the care that you,  
And the children try to give.  
Don't sit in the vase of shadow,  
Till you are dead.  
Till only make bad worse, you see,  
While you grow gray and old.

A sharp retort is not needed,  
While words sometimes hurt a little.  
But John may think you must to blame  
If your spirit fails.  
Then you must be patient, gentle Nell;  
Just do the best you can;  
And by and by God will untie  
The knot of His plan.

And many a day,  
If the Lord had not been with me,  
I would have given up.  
Then faith fold her by, saying wing  
Over all your doubts and fears,  
And God's love and needed strength  
For all the coming years.

## LAVENDER AND PINK.

BY ULMA.

One pleasant June morning, as I was watching the pale yellow branches swing backwards and forwards in the light breeze, thinking how, in their graceful motions, they were like the living arms which once had entwined my neck, and were now cold and dead, and saying to my heart, "There is no sound like to my sorrow"—my heart entered with a bunch of lavender and pink.

Their perfume filled my room, and I turned from the window, by which I was leaning, to receive them, Mrs. Arnold said, quietly, "Will you have these? They are not my favorites, and I never liked to have any other with them," and I knew by a slight quivering of the mouth, and the hasty manner in which she turned away, instead of the usual few minutes' chat, that there were and memories connected with my bouquet.

The summer months passed pleasantly by, and the little, low, old-fashioned cottage, with its two huge willow trees in front, and giant walnut at the back, whose branches swayed amicably together over the roof; and always on my table stood a bunch of fragrant roses and lavender; or of larkspur and larkspur-bells; but one bunch of separate places, as long as they were in season, were a few sprays of lavender and pink.

There was a quiet melancholy in my hostess' face which had from the first interested me. I knew by the silvery hair which she wore, her raven bands, and by the low, sneaking tones of her voice, that the trials of life had swayed fearfully around her, and that now she was exhausted, and asked only for rest.

In the course of time I learned her history.

As a girl, self-willed and high-spirited, she had married agains the wishes of her friends; and after a few months of happiness, she awoke from her dream, to find that he, for whom she had left friends and the luxuries of a wealthy home, was unworthy of the sacrifice. Year after year she had found him idle, shatert, and but day after day her feet.

But with a woman's thorough faith, she hoped on through poverty and desolation, and contended, until she laid him in his grave, and stilled the moaning of her heart, that she might care for the little ones yet left to comfort her.

But a few months passed, and a new anxiety awaited her. The little babe, just beginning to lap "Ma-ma" so lovingly, that so wistome in the ways, sickened and died.

Time wore away to Mrs. Arnold in the quiet discharge of her duties to her two remaining children. Hopes for the coming summer were dimly visible, faintly through the dark arrows of the past, when a terrible accident befell her youngest child.

Still the mother's heart and hand were not paled. Day by day she lifted the little sufferer to the window, to feel the sun, and to gaze on the green trees, the flowers, the sun, the sky by night, with trembling fingers, she wiped cold dew drops caused by the racking pain, from its forehead, and stilled the sorrow that was going up from her own heart, to sing it to rest with sweet lullabies.

At times, indeed, her strength would fail her, and she would sit in the room to escape the wall from the parched lips, and the longing, implored glance of her child, and, after a brief repose, go back with smiles and cheerful tones to the bedside.

At length the hour for the mortal struggle came, and her own arms could not hold the child, who expired with a sharp, jealous tone, all who offered to touch what had now become so precious to her; and as she struggled with the convulsed form, she turned away her head, that those looks of agony might not haunt her forever.

Amid wind and rain, she laid her dead child away from her; and waited for nights, the storm moaned among the willow branches and around the house-top, she longed to go out and throw herself upon the little grave in the neighboring churchyard, to protect the untroubled sleeper from the fury.

At last the poverty, which had so long stared her in the face, disappeared. By the death of relatives, a sum which would make her comfortable for life was secured to her; and her whole attention now was turned to the education of her remaining child.

She was growing up a gentle, delicate girl, who seemed to have imbibed her mother's sorrows in infancy; so that she appeared never to have known the careless pleasures of childhood, and the undimmed hopes of girlhood.

Day by day the mother watched this last measure, as fair and fragile as a pale lily blossom, and the warm, moist wind would crush it to the earth, casting on the agonizing thought that perhaps this, her last comfort on earth, would be snatched from her, too. The young girl had unconsciously become her friend, and her teacher.

To the watchful eyes of love, which cannot be deceived, for its instinct is so sure, the change from week to week became more perceptible. The step was more feeble; the voice lower than of old; whilst the large eyes seemed filled with

a mournful radiance; and the blue veins in the thin white hands grew larger every day.

Then the time came when the walks in the garden, which she had valuing so much care had to be discontinued; and she only knew of its wealth and beauty by the fresh bouquets which were plucked daily; though the only perfume for which she cared was that of the tea-rose and orange-blossom.

A few weeks of these were always on her bosom; their splendor revived her; so, and she would sit listlessly arranging the gray blue of the lavender with the white and crimson of the carnations, in the pleasant June sunshine, while visitors of the far-away land to which she was bound, and the distance the nearer she approached it.

One July morning found her too feeble to rise from bed as usual; and when the morrow's sun arose she was shrouded in the grave, with a posy of her favorite flowers on her bosom.

Seven years from the day on which she had been carried, a little stranger, to the warm, palpitating bosom of her mother, she was laid in the bosom of mother earth, who stretched out her cold arms to receive her.

Then many talked of the wonderful recovery of the babe, and of the hope that it was the apathy of despair, that her faith had nearly died out by reason of her many trials. But better feelings at last triumphed. From the among the glowing stars she saw the loving presence of those she had lost, watching over her, and the bright rays of a lately disclosed and unexpected happiness.

She said, "I can see that my God will bring me back to my home again; and I have no fear for my future; but I have no strength left."

How like it is to her, said the nurse, to rise from the grave as she did, and say, "I am no more like to my heart." There is no sorrow like to my sorrow."

While there is so much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to kill himself to sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and self-enjoyment, in which there is but little happiness.

"I never could enjoy poverty when I was young," said a boy who dropped in on the nurse, "and now wherever there are toasting sticks on sick pillows, or weeping eyes or breaking hearts, or immortal souls waiting in the flames of the Eternal City. Mrs. Arnold is now no more like to my heart."

How like it is to her, said the nurse.

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